

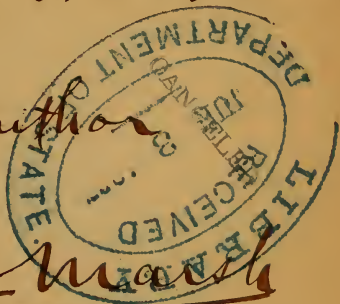


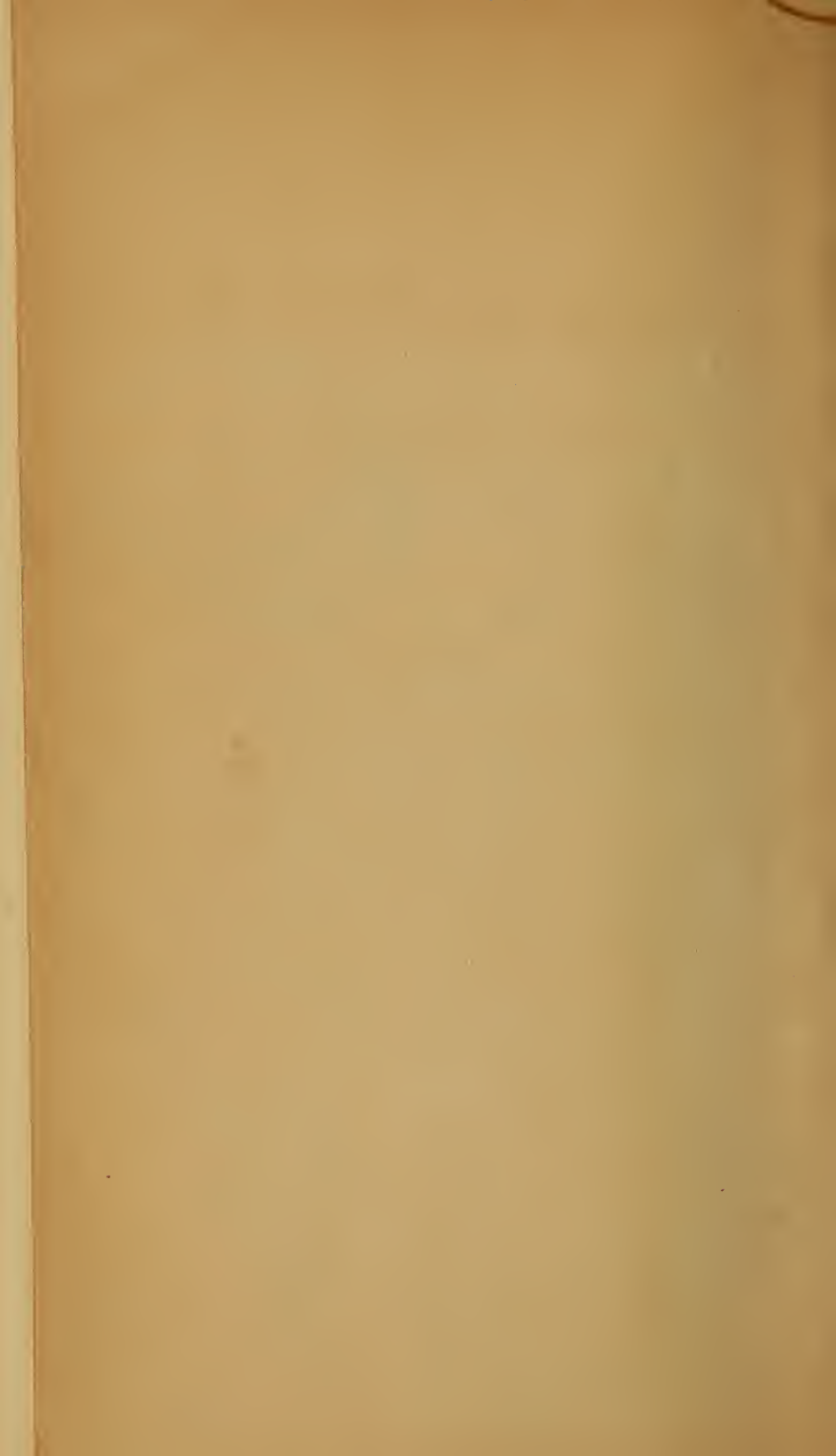




Presented to Hon F. W. Seward
by the author

W. March





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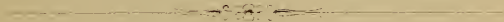
SONGS AND POEMS.



BY

William
W. MARSH,

UNITED STATES CONSUL, ALTONA.



ALTONA.

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SONG.



To Laura.



I'll follow thee, I'll follow thee,
Whate'er betide, I'll follow thee,
O'er Life's tempestuous stormy sea:
In far-off lands, mid joy or care,
My lips shall breath a daily prayer,
For thee, my love, for thee.

I'll follow thee, I'll follow thee,
Where danger waits I'll follow thee,
To guard thee from impending ills;
And when the grave shall close o'er me,
From Heaven I'll watch and smile on thee,
On thee, my love, on thee.



Lottie.

Fresh and fair as early morning
Is my Love, my own sweet Love;
Cheeks like roses, smiles adorning,
Features of the fairest moulding,
Full of love, and what is more,
A gentle nature, truth upholding
Such is she whom I adore.



Dark Hours.

Sitting by my cottage ingle,
Pondering over pleasures past,
Strange and troubled voices mingle
In the winter's bitter blast.
There's a monster haunts my chamber,
Grim and ghostly, lean and gaunt,
Dancing round each dying ember;
'Tis the deathlike face of want.

Standing idly on my threshold,
Knocking at my Cottage door,
Are mortals who have wrestled
With the Demon of the Poor.
Look upon their sad expression,
Listen to their tale of woe;
What a sad unask'd confession
Of the temptings of the foe!

Guilt and Vice do oft beset them,
Hunger's not the sharpest thorn;
Should the Virtuous forget them,
Sin for want will soon atone.
Cold and weary, dull and lonely,
Slumb'ring on a garret floor,
Sighing for that bourn which only
Shadows comfort to the poor.

Daughters of a better fortune,
Cloak'd and furr'd whene'er you roam
I ask for these a little portion
Of the crumbs you waste at home.
Turn ye not aside nor spurn them,
They have hearts and souls like you,
And if betide they murmur?
Want and sorrow made them so.

Sitting by my Cottage ingle,
Still I hear them at my door;
Little children's voices mingle
In the clamors of the poor.
Naked feet and heads uncovered,
Shapely hands unglov'd and cold,
Shy and trembling, hair dishevelled,
Garments torn and damp and old.

Many a time I pause and tremble,
Fearful what to say or do;
Children cannot well dissemble,
What they tell me must be true, —
Tales of indigence and sorrow;
Bitter want they often know,
And each dark and dull to-morrow
Bringeth but its share of woe.

Oh ye Christian men and women,
Lest their sin lie at your door,
Lay aside your silks and ermine,
And relieve the starving poor;
Cheer them with a friendly greeting,
Wipe away their mournful tears;
Human hearts with hunger breaking
Crave your charity and prayers.

In memory of Laura and her Harp.

I'm list'ning to the sounds which fall
From Laura's harp on memory's ear :
Yon daisy-dell and rippling fall
The tenderest lays of love recall,
To heart and memory dear.

I'm list'ning for some theme of joy,
Some touching strain of by-gone years :
Oh! Laura, still thy harp employ
To drown the cares which life annoy
In songs of happier spheres.

Attune thy lyre to nature's song,
Wild carolling birds and surging sea :
The fleet-wing'd wind, which speeds along
In fitful gales, may catch thy song,
And waft it here to me.

The brook which threads yon woodland grove,
 Loud babbling unforgotten lays,
Ever mingles with its tale of love
Sweet memories which affection wove
 To songs of happier days.

Those songs still linger on my ear —
 A joyous cadence of the past,
Re-echoing sounds I once could hear,
Without a sigh or sorrowing tear
 Life's sun to overcast.

I'm list'ning still for some such strain
 From babbling brook or daisy-dell:
Alas! I know the hope is vain,
I never more shall hear again
 Those songs I lov'd so well.

Adieu, lost harp; and if no more
 Thy song can soothe this mortal breast,
It woos me toward th' eternal shore,
Where heavenly choirs shall evermore
 Lull my soul to rest.

Song to Christmas.



Hail to King Christmas, hail, all hail!
Let us pledge him in goblets of newly-broach'd ale.
So push round the wassail, and peasant and peer
Shall sing and make merry with Christmas cheer.
 Hi, ho, be happy to-day,
For to-morrow the angels may call us away.

The child in its slumbers dreams of the morn,
As the day on which the Saviour was born:
And awakes to the chime of the bells, and the waits
Now singing their Christmas carol at our gates.
 Hi, ho, wake up, they say,
And join in the festival scenes of the day.

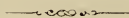
The Baron who lives at yon ivy-clad hall,
Where the mistletoe hangs on the wainscotted wall,
Gives his annual bounties around to the poor,
Who are never sent empty away from his door.
 Hi, ho, 'tis Christmas day,
When the poor are never sent empty away.

The yule-log burns on the cottager's hearth,
And the cold snows of winter o'er-mantle the earth;
But the good-wife within has a crust in her store
For the lost little beggar-boy out on the moor.

Hi, ho, drive care away,
All mankind should be happy on Christmas day.

Then hail to King Christmas, hail, all hail!
Let us pledge him in goblets of fresh foaming ale.
Bring in the wassail, and peasant and peer
This day shall make merry with Christmas cheer.

Hi, ho, be happy to-day,
For to-morrow the angels may call us away.



Grandma.

~ ~ ~

We miss her from the old fire-side,
Where stands her vacant chair;
Her trembling feet we hear no more
Pacing the well-worn sanded floor,
Nor climbing the oaken stair.

We miss her cheerful happy smile,
When partaking the frugal meal;
And her words of hope, when worldly care
Would fill our hearts with sad despair,
We never again shall feel.

We miss her from the garden seat,
With the children round her knee;
That soft, low laugh, as she told her tale
Of her own young days at the cot in the dale,
'Tis buried in death's deep sea.


We miss her pious brief Amen
At our morn and evening grace;
But the baize-covered book of daily prayer,
Sweet solace of her life-long care,
Still has its wonted place.

We miss her in a thousand ways,
Which tongue can ne'er express;
Her friendly word and timely smile
Life's dullest hour did oft beguile
Of care and gloominess.

We miss her, but the day will come
We too shall go that way;
In Heaven again we hope to meet,
Around the Throne and mercy-seat,
Which never passes away.



Lines to England.




I hear a voice from my native land,
Wooing me back to its emerald strand;
It floats on each surging laughing wave,
Which flows from thy shores, oh! land of the brave,
My truant spirit in love t' enslave.

I dream sweet dreams of blossoming groves,
And bowers where slumber the heart's first loves;
Of primrose dells where I roam'd of yore,
And friends whose smiles I may see no more
On life's oft changing sorrowing shore.

I sigh for the songs of my native birds,
For the mother-tongue and household words;
For the Sabbath hymn and the sacred choir,
Which sweetly steals from the village spire,
Filling my soul with foud desire.

I hear thy voice, oh! native land,
And I'm longing to grasp thy welcoming hand;
Let me gaze once more on thy primrose dells,
And list to the linnet's plaintive swells,
Then lull me to rest with thy old Church bells.



Lincoln.

WASHINGTON 1862.

Lincoln, of thee the bards will sing
When my poor muse shall chant no more;
Some little flower I too would bring,
A fit and lasting offering
To drop at Virtue's door.

No worldly gain can tempt aside
Thy footsteps from the path of right;
While honest truth thy acts shall guide,
We all in steadfast hope abide
The issue of the fight.

Whatever cares on thee descend
While sitting at the head of State,
The cause of Freedom still defend.
And fame's proud laurels in the end
Thy honest toils await.

This simple tribute let me pay,
Now clouds obscure thy rising sun;
God's hand will sweep those clouds away,
And friend and foe will one day say,
'Twas truth the victory won.

The Pirate Alabama.

Destroyed 18th June 1864.

Off Cherbourg the Southern Pirate lay,
When the Kearsarge her blacken'd hull espied;
A noble ship, a nation's pride,
Waiting to fire a full broadside
At the prowling Thief of the sea.

Proudly brave Winslow his challenge threw
In the teeth of the roving Thief of the sea;
Come on, quoth he, the world shall see,
To whom Heaven gives the Victory.

(Three cheers from his gallant crew.)

The Pirate knew that his end was come,
And he slunk on shore with his ill-got gain;
Then, back to the fated ship again,
He hasten'd to put her in fighting train,
To receive a rebel's doom.

Quick as the lightning across the sky,
Leap'd from our ship th'avenging hail;
The Pirate heard the death-dirge wail,
And he saw through the smoke our noble sail.
With a loyal flag on high.

Aye, many a prayer was heard that day,
As down in the deep the Pirate sunk;
Pierc'd by our balls, her shatter'd trunk
Unmourn'd, unpitied, down she sunk
Among the laughing spray.

The Mariner his midnight watch may keep,
In peace and sing of the glorious deed;
Telling how Heaven the fight decreed,
That this should be the Pirate's meed,
A grave in the briny deep.



Lines contributed to the Poetical wreath

OF

BRYANT,

Whose virtues and genius have earned him many friends to honor and
gladden his old age.



Across the broad Atlantic sea

I greet Columbia's honor'd bard :

These humble lines I send to thee,

In witness of my fond regard.

The three-score years and ten which God

To thee hath given, how well improv'd ;

Genius first lit the mortal clod,

And Heaven the sacred gift approv'd.

Now, for the remnant of thy days,

Be peace, and love, and honor given ;

And thy last dream an endless gaze

Around the golden courts of Heaven.



Song.

Every man must hoe his own row.

(Old saying.)



Go, youth, and learn self reliance,
In all things dependance forego;
Set every foe at defiance
And manfully hoe your own row.

Begin with a will and in earnest
To study, to plan, and to do;
In all things be candid and honest,
Determin'd to hoe your own row.

With courage and patient endurance
Man may conquer every foe;
Success is the crowning assurance
Of him who hoes his own row.

Whatever may be your condition,
A crabstock fine apples may grow;
Engrafted with noble ambition
The humblest may hoe his own row.

Wait not for the means to be given,
Bring your hand at once to the plow,
Be truthful, be honest, and Heaven
Will help you to hoe your own row.



The morning of Sin.

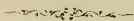


When God creation first survey'd,
He bless'd the creatures he had made,
And Eden felt his smile;
Rich grassy meads sprang up around,
Fruits came spontaneous from the ground,
But Man, alas! was vile.

Fresh from the Father's bounteous Hand
Came the Heaven-created land,
 Teeming with fruits and flowers;
And spicy gums, and luscious vines,
Dates, figs, and oranges, and pines
 And mellifluous bowers.

Alas! the Serpent did beguile
The woman, with tempting speech and smile,
 To break God's first command;
She yielded, and then Adam fell,
A victim to the Tempter's spell,
 And sin o'errun the land.

But Christ, whose mission was to save,
Our trespasses and sins forgave,
 And bade us shun all guile;
So thus, poor sinful fallen man,
The noblest creature of God's plan
 In heavenly hope can smile.



A Sabbath Morning Hymn.




Welcome, blessed Sabbath morn,
Day of rest, and day of Prayer;
When all our thoughts are Heavenward borne
And fix'd on Him who reigneth there.

Look down upon us, Lord, this day,
As we assemble in Thy name;
Teach us Thy truths, point out the way,
Help us Thy goodness to proclaim.

O! consecrate our hearts to Thee,
Thou who didst consecrate this day,
From every sordid sin set free,
Grant us to walk in Wisdom's way.

Great God, we feel Thy power and might,
Spreading o'er every land and sea,
And all mankind accepts the Right,
On this great day to worship Thee.

O! may their every Sabbath prayer,
And Sabbath hymn laid up on high,
Meet with a sure acceptance there,
Great Ruler of the earth and sky.



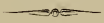
The old Fireside.

I'm sitting by the old fireside,
Where I've sat many a time,
When a Mother's smile encouraged me
Upon her lap to climb.
Methinks I see her as she sat,
And the fond look when she smiled,
And the crystal tear in her sweet blue eye,
When she blest her darling child.

I'm sitting by the old fireside,
Where I've sat in days gone by,
When a mother's prayer has caused a tear
To glisten in my eye;
'Tis there I've heard her favorite song —
A deep and impressive lay;
Ah, yes! she sang me it many a time
Before she went away.

I'm sitting by the old fireside,
In my Mother's old arm-chair;
Her Bible lies upon my knee,
The companion of my care.
And her spirit hovers o'er this spot,
For I feel as I used to feel,
When I knelt by her side, she kiss'd my cheek,
When she prayed for her children's weal.

I'm sitting by the old fireside,
Where first I drew my breath;
Where first I learn'd to lisp that name
Now lost to me in death.
My Mother! yes, that sacred name
I'll cherish till I die;
I can't forget the sweet, fond look
Of her gentle, loving eye.



Hurrah for the Winter King.

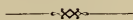


Hurrah, hurrah for the Winter King!
Who moans and whistles, and tries to sing.
As he steals through the ancient hall;
With his hoary head and silvery locks
He marches in, for He never knocks,
And writes on the plaster'd wall.

Hurrah, hurrah for the Winter King!
Who rides on the storm with light'ning wing
O'er forest, and field, and lake;
Stealing through Cottage, Castle, and Hall,
He traces his hieroglyphic scroll
On our window before we awake.

Hurrah, hurrah for the Winter King!
Who spreads his mantle o'er every-thing, —
Mountain, Valley, and Plain.
Speeding along like some troubl'd ghost,
Down to the sea and along the coast,
Or venturing out on the main.

Hurrah, hurrah for the Winter King!
Who mirrors himself in every spring,
Rivulet, Fountain, and Fall;
Into Mansions and Cottages He will peep,
And steal a last kiss from those who sleep,
Who will wake not till the Angels call.



Orange Blossom.



Thou fragrant sumptuous nuptial flower,
Blossoming where the south winds blow,
Pluck'd first in Eve's ambrosial bower,
To decorate her bridal brow.

Chaste emblem of the virgin's pride,
Her richest crown and wealthiest dower,
Still deck her brow and kiss the bride,
Thou fragrant sumptuous nuptial flower.



Light me gentle Moon.



A BALLAD.




Light me, light me, gentle moon,
To the spot where Espeth's sleeping,
I would drop a friendly tear
Upon thy grave, my Espeth dear,
Whilst thou art quietly sleeping.

Light me, oh! ye brilliant Stars,
Direct my steps, ye orbs of Heaven,
Down to yon ivy cottage gate,
Where I and Espeth oft have sate,
And plighted vows were given.

Light me, oh! ye midnight lightnings,
To yon grove and by yon water;
Through yon wood at eventide,
Where I rambled side by side
With Espeth, Esrick's daughter.

Light me, oh! departed shade
Of Espeth, light me o'er Life's plain;
'Twas here, I met thee young and fair,
And twined the wild flowers in thy hair;
Oh Espeth, meet me once again.



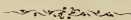
The Serenade.



How sweetly their evening Vespers
Fall on my slumbering ear,
Like Angels, gentle whispers
Borne on the midnight air.
'Tis the Voice of kindred spirits
Breaking the gloom of Night,
With a melody Love inherits
From the starry Land of Light.

From dreams of Heaven waking,
To songs of Spirits near,
Sleep's death-like fetters breaking,
Woo'd to a brighter sphere.
Love's gentle night-song stealing
About in the open air,
In tender strains revealing
An antidote for care.

Sleep on, 'tis an Evening Vesper
Which steals on my slumbering ear,
'Tis the Angels, gentle whisper.
Borne on the midnight air,
'Tis the voice of kindred Spirits
Breaking the calm of night,
With a melody Love inherits
From the starry Land of Light.



A Sigh.



“A very pretty embalming of the most fugitive thing in the world.”

Editors. “Home Journal.”
NEW-YORK.



Oh! tell me, ye sages of learning,
Whence comes this continual cry —
This pitiful weeping and wailing
Which falls on my ear with a Sigh?

Yon baby which lies in the cradle
With a tear in its little blue eye,
Though to Care and Sorrow a stranger,
Sobs an occasional Sigh.

The Cotter, as homeward he rambles,
His daily labor laid by,
Approaches his Cottage rejoicing,
But raises the latch with a Sigh.

The Soldier who goes into battle
Feels a tear gushing up to his eye;
Dashes madly on to the struggle,
And yields up his life with a Sigh.

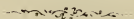
That pious Patriarch, dying,
Look'd steadfastly into the sky;
His hopes were all centred in Heaven,
Yet he left the world with a Sigh.

Let me climb to the top of yon mountain,
With the sea and the surf rushing high:
The surge of that dark solemn Ocean
Sends up a sad, sorrowful Sigh.

If I enter the halls of some Palace,
Where splendor dazzles the eye,
Even there, among Beauty and Fashion,
How often, alas! do they Sigh.

Oh! tell me, where is that Heaven
To which I am longing to fly?
Is it up in the beautiful sunshine?
Is it there where they nevermore Sigh?

'Tis There at the feet of the Saviour,
Far away beyond the blue sky,
Where Angels Celestial are standing,
Who are never disturbed by a Sigh.



Lines.



On being asked my opinion of Marriage on £ 200, a year.



Friend Harry, I own that dear Emma is pretty,
But to wed on such capital would not be wise;
To repent of a bargain of love is a pity,
Yet there's no bread and butter in loving blue eyes.

Love is ever the safest, and proof against changing,
When marriage brings with it five hundred a year,
For poverty sometimes is very estranging,
And but few loves are strong enough pinching to bear.

I advise you to urge, then, a fair understanding,
If marry ye must, on such limited means;
That Emma shall never be over demanding,
But love you at thirty as now in her teens.

Bentley.

~~~~~  
Recollections of Home.

~~~~~  
Down in the valley of the Don,
'Mong flowery meadow lands,
A little rural village town
In quiet retirement stands.

It boasts no old Baronial Court
Of great historic fame,
Nor lordly house whose sons have bled
T'immortalize its name.

Bentley! to thee, my native home,
My sweetest song should be,
Could I but woo Euterpe's muse
T'inspire the melody.

There is no spot so dear as home,
'Tis ever dear to me,
Nor love more pure than that which binds
My memory still to thee.

I've been a wanderer many years
In many distant lands,
And yet the love I have for thee
Fresh and unbroken stands.

In all my wanderings still I dream
Of boyhood's golden days,
And back to thee, my native home,
My truant spirit strays.

Methinks I hear the Linnet's song
In Ratcliffe's bosky glen,
Warbling her sweet melodious strain,
To lure me back again.

Oft too I hear the village bells,
Loud pealing through the vale
Their sweet harmonious symphony
And Sabbath-telling tale.

I wander through the old Church-yard,
O'er many a mossy mound,
Where long-lost cherish'd memories sleep
Low in the cold, cold ground.

I kneel me by the oaken seat
Along the letter'd aisle,
And breathe again my humble prayer
Within the sacred pile.

Oft of a pensive summer's eve,
When fancy's wont to roam,
It soars o'er Cusworth's upland side,
To dream awhile of home.

Down in the distant vale I see,
Curling above the trees,
The old Mill chimney's smoke arise,
And mingle with the breeze.

And many a moonlight-stroll I've had
Through Wheatley's sylvan glades,
And heard St. George's midnight Chime
Awake its slumbering shades.

Beneath its stately elms I've roam'd,
Where hangs the wild-rooks nest,
And heard the watch-dog's measured bay
Break nature's peaceful rest.

Through Park and wood and shady grove
I've chased night's gloom away,
Until the distant Factory bell
Proclaimed the dawn of day.

Again I thread the crooked Don
Through cowslip-scented meads,
Springing the wild-duck from its haunt
Among the sedgy reeds.

How oft when but a boy I've sought
The river's grassy marge,
To watch the merry boatman steer
His heavy laden'd barge.

His cheerful song so fitfully sweet
Still lingers on my ear,
Each well-known strain old themes bring back
Life's chequer'd path to cheer.

Once more my steps I homeward turn
O'er verdant field and dell,
And every spot I gaze upon
Some rustic tale can tell.

Anon I cross the old mill-bridge
Which spans the brawling brook,
Or linger at the school-house door
To con the puzzling book.

I mark the laborer wending home
Along the rutty lane,
Care-warp'd he stoops beneath the weight
Of many an untold pain.

And yet a smile lights up his eye
When near his cottage gate,
Where laughing children, wife, and meal,
His tardy steps await.

The village forge, the Wheel-wright's shop,
The alehouse on the green;
Fancy in flattering colors paints
The panoramic scene.

There stands the old parental home,
A whitewash'd wayside cot,
Its sanded floor and old fireside
Was life's first treasured spot.

'Twas in that cottage first I felt
A mother's tender care,
There at her sainted knee I knelt
To lisp my infant prayer.

'Twas there the Holy Book was read
Both early morn and night,
And there my youthful mind was taught
To reverence what was right.

There in that little croft I roll'd
Among the new-mown hay,
There on that primrose bank I woo'd
The summer hours away.

There in the pear-tree's hollow trunk
The starling hatch'd her young,
And there the black-bird and the thrush
Their daily matins sung.

There Plenty crown'd surrounding fields
With yellow crops of corn,
And there the fragrant woodbine climb'd
The blossoming hedge of thorn.

There in the meadows by the mill,
Among the lowing kine,
The milkmaid sang her artless song,
Love's absence to repine.

Beneath the green umbrageous elms
The drowsy cattle laid,
Or roam'd the hedgeland's shady side,
To crop the tender blade.

Down in the swampy old mill field
Our rustic games we play'd;
And o'er the knolls and hillocks green
I and poor Laura stray'd.

These, and a thousand other scenes
To fond remembrance rise,
Which while my memory lingers o'er
A tear bedims my eyes.

No more my rambling truant feet
Those flowery meads will tread,
No more beneath yon old house roof
I rest my weary head.

No more to chant my humble prayer
Beneath that old church tower,
Nor listen to the Linnet's song
In Ratcliffe's bosky bower.

No more to climb old Cusworth's Hill,
Or roam the upland side,
No more the bridge, the brook, the mill,
My plaintive muse will guide.

No more those hawthorn shaded lanes
In pensive mood to tread,
No more through meadow, dell, and glade,
The crooked Don to thread.

Shades of my boyhood's happiest hours,
Belov'd for evermore,
If God should deign to hear my prayer,
I'll visit you once more.

Whate'er betides, where'er I be,
Whatever land I roam,
I'll kindly speak and dream of thee,
My own dear native home.




SONG.

The Springtime is coming.

The Springtime is coming,
The birds are all singing,
And the buds are outspringing from every spray ;
All round my dwelling
Everything's telling,
Everything's telling the coming of May.

The Springtime is coming,
The streams are all running,
And Violets are blooming on bank and on brae ;
The rivers are swelling,
Everything's telling,
Everything's telling the coming of May.

The springtime is coming,
The bees how they're humming,
And swallows are coming all through the day ;
'Tis nature revelling,
All round my dwelling
Everything's telling the coming of May.



There's Room for Thee and Me.

Who art thou travelling on life's way?

Let us companions be —

The World is wide, whate'er they say,

There's room for thee and me.

Whate'er thy fortune, craft, or trade,

Be it by land or sea,

The loom, the anvil, or the spade —

'Tis all the same to me.

What if our occupation should

Unlike in nature be,

Let us be friends, for all that's good

Was given to thee and me.

The forest's shade, the songs of birds,

The streams, and lakes, and sea,

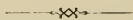
The fishes and the fattening herds,

Were sent for thee and me.

The sunny sky, the summer flowers,
Where hums the industrious bee,
The verdant hills, and shady bowers,
God gave to thee and me.

If our positions differ wide,
And wealth thy portion be,
Our paths may not be side by side, —
Yet there is room for me.

With whatsoever God hath given
Let us contented be,
Both here below and up in Heaven
There's room for thee and me.



In Memoriam

OF

OUR INFANT DAUGHTER LENA.



Thou art gone to the shades of rest, sweet babe,
Thou art gone to the shades of rest;
This world possess'd no charms for thee;
Thou smil'dst, and then it set thee free
To join the blest.

Thou art gone to the realms of peace, sweet babe,
Thou art gone to the realms of peace ;
In that land, which is ever bright and fair,
There is no sorrow, pain, nor care,
But endless peace.

Thou art gone to a Heaven of Love, sweet babe,
Thou art gone to a Heaven of Love ;
Thy little bark will be toss'd no more,
There's no troubled sea, nor broken shore,
In the world above.

Thou art gone to thy long last home, sweet babe,
Thou art gone to thy long last home ;
And we shall shortly follow thee there,
When our sun has set in this world of care,
We shall come.



A Ballad.

THE GONDOLIER'S SONG TO HIS BRIDE.

Speed thee on, my swift Gondola,
Fill, ye winds, her flapping sail;
Waft me to my dark-eyed Lola,
Speed me on, thou gentle gale.

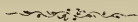
Haste thee, for she's full of sorrow,
Bear me to that hallowed shore,
And I'll bid her hope to-morrow,
Hope for happiness in store.

Gentle breeze, blow fresh and swiftly,
Fan me o'er the blue sea deep;
Ere the dawn of morn lights on me
I will hush her cares to sleep.

Lovely Lola, fond one, treasure,
I will rob yon Isle of thee;
Thee, whose love can know no measure,
Brave heart, fond, and true to me.

List ye to those Heavenly choirs
Stealing through the midnight air;
'Tis her fingers sweep the wires
Of that favorite old guitar.

Waft, ye winds, my swift Gondola
Through the surge and o'er the wave,
Bear me to my dark-eyed Lola,
Lovely Lola, fair and brave.



A Farewell to England.

1855.



Farewell, Old England, to thy cliffs and hills,
Thy verdant meads, and vales, and laughing rills,
Thy shady groves, and fragrant woodbine bowers,
Thy mountain mosses, and thy hillside flowers,
Thy purling brooks, and babbling crystal streams,
Farewell, lov'd scenes of youth's ambitious dreams.

Thy ancient castles, and thy cottage homes,
Thy Institutions, and thy great men's tombs;
Thy native oaks, the pride of Britain's shores,
Thy bays, and caves, and yellow gorse-cover'd moors,
Thy blossoming hedgerows, dingles, slopes, and dells,
Thy ivied towers, and Sabbath Churchgoing bells,
Thy velvet lawns by waving fields of grain,
My truant feet may ne'er retrace again.

Thy bosky glens, and cooling summer shades,
Thy clover meadows, and flower scented glades,
Thy sylvan forests, mountains, peaks, and plains,
Thy wildrose thickets, and thy old green lanes;
These oft inspired my soul with solemn thought,
When in despair sweet solitude I sought.
Here could I linger, on this old green lawn,
But fairer prospects on my vision dawn.
To these fond scenes of my enraptured muse
Memory will cling like some devout recluse,
When weary wand'ring o'er life's desert drear,
Perchance to find a peaceful refuge here.
Farewell, old England, ever fare thee well,
Home of my Fathers, one long last farewell,
To Freedom's shrine my panting spirit soars,
A welcome waits me on Columbia's shores.

There while I labor oft I'll think of thee,
Mother of all that's good and great and Free;
What fate awaits me, let the future tell;
Farewell, Old England, ever Fare thee well.

Lines.

IN MEMORIAM OF OUR DEAR LITTLE BOY.

Oft when the moon is quietly creeping
Through the star bespangled skies,
I've seen a mother sadly weeping
Where her little idol lies.
List ye to her gentle whisper
Borne on Seraph's wings on high,
The spirit holds communion with her
Though it dwells beyond the sky.
A guardian angel hovers o'er her
Through the dark and dismal night,
With angelic sweetness pointing,
Upward, to the land of light.

Down in yon graveyard grass o'ergrown,
Low in the cold earth, there he sleeps;
There wreaths of flowers are often strewn,
And there her broken spirit weeps.
Sleep, sleep, thou sweet one, quietly sleep,
Softly as on thy Mother's breast,
'Tis vain to mourn, and sin to weep,
For thou enjoyest Eternal rest.



Yes! He'll know Thee.



A REPLY TO ALICE.



Yes, he'll know thee, gentle Alice,
And he'll love thee as of yore;
When thou drain'st Death's poison'd chalice,
When ye meet in Heaven's fair Palace,
He will know thee as before.

Thus, he'll meet thee at the portal
With a Heaven-made welcome smile;
And the love he bore, the mortal —
Will be purer now immortal,
For in Heaven there's nothing vile.

Still keep dreaming, not of sorrow,
But of Love, that Love of yore;
Dreaming that perchance to-morrow
God may call thee from thy sorrow.
To rejoin him evermore.



Ode.



TO COLUMBIA.



1860.



Columbia, Columbia, the spirit of thy Heroes,
Who fell in the front of Liberty's cause,
Still animates Millions of patriot freemen,
Ever ready to combat with Liberty's foes.

Thy star spangled banner, illustrious emblem,
Thy pride and thy glory by land and by sea,
May no treason stain it, nor foul traitor trample
On its folds while it floats o'er the land of the Free.

Let every impulse thy children have cherished
For Country's grandeur or Liberty's plan,
Beat afresh in their bosoms, and new thoughts engender.
To secure the birthright of Freedom to man.

So again shall thy proud eagle soar from his eyry.
Upward and onward his mission proclaim ;
While Tyrants and Despots in terror shall tremble,
Millions will anthem Columbia's fame.



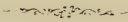
The Fire-Fly.



Thou golden winged gem of night,
Whose rays illumine the gloom,
Flashing through my lattice light,
Shedding rays intensely bright
Within my lonely room.

'Twas in the summer's twilight hours
I saw thy mystic light ;
Its glowing phosphorescent powers
Falling in amber-tinted showers
Upon the gloom of night.


Thy wings with sparkling fires expand
Like stars upon the sky;
Heaven's lamp upon life's clouded strand,
To light us to the better land,
Thou little meteor fly.



Thanksgiving.



On the 26. November A. D. 1863.



We thank thee, Lord, for all the joys,
And saddening sorrows to us given;
In love to Thee we raise our voice,
And Hope is echo'd back from Heaven.
To-day we bring Thee all our cares,
Our Country's danger and our sin,
And promise by our earnest prayers
A better life we will begin.

Though in prosperity we fell,
When most humble we should be;
'Tis not the dread nor fear of Hell
That brings us back again to Thee.

'Tis love and penitence, O God,
Which supplicates Thy Heavenly smile,
Help us to kiss Thy chast'ning rod,
Help us to flee from all that's vile.

Help us, O Lord, to lay aside
The sins which shut us out from Thee,
All selfish will, all sinful pride,
And teach us more humility.
Now, Lord, we thank Thee for this day,
For all that's past and all to come,
Whate'er our lot help us to say,
Thy will be done, Thy will be done.



Passing away.

There was silence in the chamber,

For a mighty King was there —
In his hand he swayed a sceptre,

Threatening sorrow every-where ;
There were children round a-weeping,

The Father standing by,
A little babe lay sleeping,
Its Mother going to die.

The sun was gently gliding

Down to the western deep ;
All nature seemed abiding
The hour of solemn sleep ;

What is it breaks the quiet

Of this still sad gloomy hour ?
'Tis the spirit taking flight
To Eden's fairest bower.

Me-thinks I hear a singing —

Come, fair sister, come,
While her gentle spirit's winging
Upward to its home.

To Annie.



Again I appeal to thy heart,
And I kneel to my idol once more,
Such repentance methinks should impart
Forgiveness in her I adore.

Life hath lost all its witchery and charms
Since thou last deign'd to smile upon me;
But my bosom with hope ever warms,
As my thoughts wander hourly to thee.

My pleading is fruitless indeed
If thou cannot e'en sympathy feel,
Like striking a rock with a reed
Which resists the quarryman's steel.

If I knew I was only forgiven,
And could feel that thou lov'dst me once more,
My spirit with jealousy riven
Would repose on thy truth evermore.

All pleading alas! is in vain,
Thou mock'st a reply to my lot;
Thy image impress'd on my brain
Shall be torn from its shrine and forgot.




When Life's fitful fever's over.

~~~~~

By the moss o'er-hanging river,  
Where bright waters bubble ever,  
Chanting lullabys which never  
Never ceases all day long.  
Where the daisy and the mallow,  
Drooping lillies white and yellow,  
And buttercups and cowslips altogether grow.  
Where the hawthorn sheds its blossom  
On the rivulet's rippling bosom,  
Where the throstle morn and even sings his song,  
By the silent greenwood cover,  
All among the scented clover,  
I would lay me down for ever,  
And no other burial know,  
'Till I wake among the Angels when the last glad trump  
shall blow.

~~~~~

The Orphan's Lament.



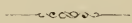
Oh Mother, we have miss'd thy smile,
That welcome smile of love;
There's a great change, Mother, since thou 'rt gone
To yon bright world above.

Thy voice is now for ever still
Which we were wont to hear,
At early morn and twilight eve
In supplicating prayer.

Oh Mother, canst thou see the tears
Which dim thy children's eyes?
Or are they only seen by Him
Who reigns beyond the skies?

Such are the changes, Mother dear,
Since thou left our little cot,
The place seems desolate and drear,
A sad unwelcome spot.

Thou'rt happier, Mother, in yon world
From every sorrow free;
For if thou felt what we now feel,
'Twould not be Heaven to thee.



In Memoriam.

~~~~~

Laura, I'll weave a song to thee,  
Aye, thou shalt be the sacred theme;  
Not Heaven's harmonious minstrelsy  
Could breathe a song more pure to thee,  
Light of my Life's young dream.

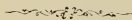
Since when I saw thy lovely cheek  
Wet with the first fond tear of love,  
The words of Hope I heard thee speak,  
The vow which nought but Heaven could break,  
Are round my memory wove.

Ah me! in hours, tho' long since sped,  
When first I knelt to worship thee,  
I never thought thou would'st be dead —  
That thy pure soul would hence be fled  
From this poor world and me.

Alas! no more thy joyous song  
Will cheer this gloomy path of mine,  
For 'tis a cheerless path and long;  
Yet all resigned I'll journey on  
To that dear land of thine.


And wilt thou, wilt thou welcome me  
To yon bright world above?  
Oh, Father, lest I go astray,  
And miss the narrow, but true way  
To that sweet land of love,

Spread o'er my head Thy guardian wing,  
Parent of earth and sky;  
And when my life's short journey's o'er,  
And she stands beckoning on the shore,  
Oh take me up on high.





### The group of Violets.



There's a little group of Violets  
Growing by my garden wall;  
They bloom there every springtime  
And fade away in fall.  
From childhood up to manhood  
I have watch'd this little flower,  
So modestly retiring  
Like the Sun at evening hour.


There Daisies, too, and Lupines,  
And Buttons in a row,  
And Poppies, Pinks, and Pansies,  
Plentifully grow.  
But these little nodding Violets  
Growing by my garden wall,  
First harbingers of springtime,  
Are sweeter than them all.

We fenced them in with osiers,  
Planting each end in the ground,  
Making pretty pearly borders  
By placing shells around;


For there we used to gather,  
To plan our infant plays,  
Laughing away the sunshine  
Of those golden youthful days.

Aye, there we wove fresh garlands,  
To deck our sister's hair —  
With Violets oft we crowned her  
The fairest of the fair;  
Alas! for Life's enjoyments,  
Those happy hours are fled,  
And many sweet endearments  
Of childhood, too — are dead.

Except these treasur'd Violets  
Growing by my garden wall,  
Blooming every springtime  
And fading every fall;  
Sweet emblems of th'immortal,  
The spirit that never dies;  
Freed from its earthly prison,  
It blooms in sunnier skies.



### Joys past and future.



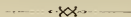
I sigh for the Joys that are past,  
The pleasures I once had in store,  
Too sweet and too pure to last;  
They are gone, and I know them no more:  
Unhappy, and weary, and faint,  
The present I view with dismay;  
The pictures my fancy will paint  
Are ever dissolving away.

My spirit pines for that goal  
Where Life's disappointments must cease,  
Where there's quiet and rest for the soul,  
Longing for Heavenly peace;  
Grief-laden I turn unto Thee,  
Oh Father! Thou hearest my prayer,  
One smile of Hope let me see,  
To comfort me while I am here.

So when my life's journey is o'er,  
And the work thou hast set me to do;  
When the spirit's existence no more  
Can be sadden'd by sorrow nor woe —

Panting and sighing to be free, —  
Gazing o'er Jordan's dark flood,  
It waits but a signal from Thee,  
Thou Great and Immutable God.

Then adieu to the Joys that are past,  
To the pleasures I once had in store,  
Heaven's sunshine is never o'er-cast,  
No cloud ever darkens that shore.  
'Tis continual Summer above,  
Unbroken by sighs or by tears,  
An Eden of Heavenly love —  
Through Eternity's endless years.



## In Memoriam

OF

MY FRIEND COLONEL E. E. ELLSWORTH.



Drape the escutcheon, shake out the pall,  
Muffle the bells, hang crape on the wall;  
The young and good, the brave and strong,  
Are hourly following, hurrying on  
To the grave, where all must sleep ere long.

Run up the flag half mast high,  
Darken the room to the passer by,  
One of our number is taken away,  
Whose memory, like a summer's day,  
Lingering, leaves a parting ray.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,  
No sculptured Urn, nor marble bust,  
But deeds of valor nobly done,  
Battles fought and victory won,  
These will outlive the lettered stone.



## To Laura.

ON HOPE IN DEATH.

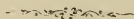


Oh, sing once more Hope's favorite Song,  
'Twill sooth my throbbing feverish brain;  
Its joyous tones the heavenly throng  
Will chorus, as it sweeps along  
To join the Angelic train.


Once more, O Laura, touch thy Lyre,  
In hopeful paeans thrilling sweet;  
Let pious strains thy song inspire  
And fill my soul with fond desire,  
To fall at Jesu's feet.

Great God! ere I from earth depart,  
Or lay this body down to rest;  
To me that secret Hope impart,  
Which soothes the palpitating heart  
In every Christian's breast.

Then when at last I fall asleep,  
Thy Love my trembling soul support;  
'Twill bear me o'er the troubled deep,  
And lull my sorrowing soul to sleep  
Within the heavenly Port.




### Life and Death.



A few more sighs and sorrowing tears,  
A few more days or months or years,  
And man will mourn no more;  
What, if perchance life was to be  
All unalloy'd felicity,  
Alas! how soon tis o'er.

Oh Father, help me to prepare,  
By humble deeds and pious prayer,  
Thy smiling face to see,  
And when I stand on Jordan's brink,  
Sustain me, Father, lest I sink,  
And lose all sight of Thee.



## An Ode.

TO EARLY EXPERIENCE.

In early life I sought the world t'enjoy.  
Ere gloomy care had tripp'd upon my heel.  
I wandered forth an unsuspecting boy,  
With sanguine hopes and youth's ambitious zeal.  
Among the pilgrims on life's great highway  
Was pale-faced Penury with genius stamp'd;  
Weary and faint he toil'd life's rugged way,  
In toeless shoes his gloveless fingers cramp'd;  
Big tears of sorrow fill'd his thoughtful eye,  
And disappointment blanch'd his furrow'd cheek;  
Hence with a sad and solemn warning sigh  
He thus essay'd in urgent tones to speak : —  
Arrest thy steps, fair youth, and counsel take,  
Pursue with steadiness life's fickle prize;  
Thy world is like a calm untroubled lake,  
And the bright azure of ethereal skies;  
No storms have yet disturb'd its placid breast,  
No misty vapour veils thy upward gaze;  
Yet ere the sun sets in the distant west,  
Storms may arise to set life's firmament ablaze.



Like thee I once life's pathway lightly trod,  
Nor dreamt of tempests gathering o'er my head;  
Worldly enjoyments answered to my nod,  
And on my board rich viands Plenty spread,  
Folly would dance attendance to my pride,  
Though keen-eyed Wisdom smil'd at its caprice;  
And foolish maidens with each other vied  
With flattering speech my pleasures to increase.  
But, ere the springtime of my life was past,  
A sudden turn of Fortune left me poor;  
And, uninured to Penury's cold blast,  
I wandered friendless from my own house door.  
Now take a warning from the simple tale  
Of one whose youth like thine was bright and fair,  
Lest troubles come, and earthly riches fail,  
And gay friends leave thee helpless to despair;  
Go, place thy hopes on Him whose gentle hand  
In weal or woe will wipe all care away:  
He will direct thee to a better land,  
To Heavenly riches which will ne'er decay.  
I paus'd awhile his fate to ponder o'er,  
Retraced my steps, resolv'd to stray no more.

---

## To Laura in Heaven.

### A LAMENT.

Laura, thy love inspiring song  
I never more may listen to;  
Its plaintive tones, now hush'd and still,  
Will never more my bosom thrill  
With themes of joy or woe.

No more I hear thy dulcet lyre  
Attuned to lays of earthly bliss;  
No more I feel thy soft caress,  
No more thy sainted lips I press  
With Love's impassion'd Kiss.

Oh Laura! life's sweet springtide flower,  
The first I ever dared to love;  
Thy gentle spirit still is near,  
Wooing me to a Heavenly sphere  
Of endless joy above.

Grant, Heaven! when from this sorrowing vale  
Of tears and sighs I'm call'd away,  
That I may hear once more Her song,  
Warbling to th'Angelic throng  
Through Time's eternal day.



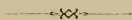
### To a Forget-me-not.



Thou azure-tinted modest flower,  
Enshrined in many a lonely spot,  
Come hence into my lady's bower,  
Sweet monitor, Forget-me-not.

Who would not be a bashful flower,  
To bloom ungathered, unforgot,  
Touch'd by sweet lips in Flora's bower,  
And hear her sigh, Forget-me-not?

Alas! adieu, sweet blue-eyed flower,  
We each must live our destin'd lot,  
There is no gem in Flora's bower  
I prize like thee, Forget-me-not.



## To Woman.

---

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM

---

'Tis to Woman's nobler nature  
Man must ever bow ;  
She wears on every witching feature  
The image of a higher creature,  
Queen of all below.

Mother, sister, wifely treasure,  
Man's superior thou ;  
Love like thine can know no measure,  
A daily sacrifice of pleasure,  
A kiss for every blow.

Thine the kiss of fond affection  
On the infant's brow,  
'Tis thy bond through life's connexion  
Felt till death through all affliction,  
Angel Woman thou.

---

### Despair.



Sitting lonely in my chamber,  
Pondering o'er the error's past,  
Life seems like a smouldering ember  
Fed by some remorseless blast.

If the sun shines in the morning,  
Clouds obscure it through the day,  
Hope, however brightly dawning,  
Care and sorrow drive away.

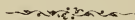
Sin, the parent of all sorrow,  
Leaves a pang within the heart:  
Penitence, however thorough,  
Never can withdraw the dart.

Through the dim and misty future  
Oft I see a glimmering light,  
Darting, like a treacherous meteor,  
Toward a land where all is night.

Thus I toil the dull and dreary,  
Sad uncertain path of life,  
Brain-sick, worn, and tired and weary,  
Battling with a world of strife.

I look in vain around my chamber  
For those objects once so dear,  
Low in the grave alas! they slumber,  
While I am lonely lingering here.

Sad and fainting, sorrow-laden,  
Tossing on lifes rocky shore,  
Longing to throw off its burden,  
And be free for evermore.



## SONG.

### Spirit Longing.

I long to repose on the green mossy ground  
Where the daisy and wild-thyme grows,  
Under wide-spreading trees to woo the soft breeze,  
Shedding sweet scented blossoms around  
From the hawthorn, woodbine, and rose.

I long for the sound of yon rippling rill  
So rapidly coursing away,  
I love its soft song, ever murmuring along,  
As it chants the day through, and never stands still,  
A dirge to the death of each day.

## Hymn.

HOME SWEET HOME.


We are poor wand'ring trav'lers, who wearily roam  
O'er life's rugged pathway far far from our Home,  
All fainting we linger mid doubtings and fears,  
Though Jesus stands ready to dry up our tears;  
Home! Home! sweet, sweet, Home!  
The Saviour stands ready to welcome us Home.

Poor exiles from Eden, in darkness we stray,  
Though Jesus invites us, and points out the way;  
Repentant and humble to-day we may come,  
The Saviour stands ready to welcome us Home;  
Home! Home! sweet, sweet, Home!  
The Saviour stands yonder to welcome us Home.

We'll doubt then no more, for Salvation is nigh,  
But drink of the fountain which never runs dry;  
His love will sustain us wherever we roam,  
And lastly in mercy He'll wellcome us Home;  
Home! Home! sweet, sweet, Home!  
The Saviour in Mercy will welcome us Home.



### Pensive musing.




While sitting by my window-sill  
And listening to the pattering rain,  
Sad objects pass before my eyes,  
And sadder thoughts flash through my brain.


Why should that beggar on the street  
With vagrant step approach my door?  
Why ask me for a crust of bread?  
And why have I enough and more?

How came he thus to need and beg  
The food God promis'd to us all?  
What curse is his that is not mine  
Inherited by Adam's fall?

Here, fellow sinner, take the crust  
Which God through my poor hand hath given;  
Whatever seems mysterious now  
Will one day be revealed in Heaven.



### A Ballad.



I rambled out one sweet May morn,  
To cull the newly blossoming flowers;  
Brushing the dew-pearls from the corn,  
As Sol peep'd through the hawthorn-bowers.

The Cuckoo's song rang through the wood,  
The Linnet pip'd a morning air,  
The parent Black-bird fed her brood  
With all a Mother's anxious care.

The Plough-boy whistled by his team,  
With health and sweet contentment blest,  
Laying him down at night to dream  
That Mary slumbered on his breast.

The Sheep were nibbling on the moor,  
Grazing the uplands far and wide,  
As Laura left her Cottage door  
To roam with me the rivulet's side.

T'was first upon this bright May-morn,  
Down by the brook which turns the Mill,  
With Laura 'mong the dewy corn,  
I drank of Love's inebriate rill.

We sought the woodbine-shaded dell,  
To sing the songs which Love inspires,  
From Laura's lips melodious fell  
Music which but affection fires.

Enraptur'd by Her tender song,  
So full of Faith and trusting love,  
I could have dwelt my whole life long  
By Laura's side in that green grove.

Alas! a sadder fate was ours,  
In Life's young springtime Laura died,  
And now she slumbers near those bowers  
Where first she pledg'd herself my bride.

Oft in my dreams I wander back  
To those dear haunts of early days;  
I linger in that oft trod track,  
Hallow'd by Love's enchanting lays.

My weary spirit there finds rest,  
A balm for sorrow and despair,  
I lay my head on Laura's breast,  
And feel no more the pangs of care.

---

### To Marian and Annie.


---

To you, lov'd objects, memory wanders back,  
Clothing in faultless beauty two fair flowers,  
Whose youthful fragrance cheer'd Life's gloomy track,  
Like winter-sunshine shed on leafless bowers;  
Ever touching hidden fountains of the heart,  
Whence streams of love from damm'd-up sources start.

Two blighted blossoms, Hopes of sunnier days,  
Pluck'd by harsh fingers in Life's virgin spring,  
No more ye bask in Love's perennial rays,  
But droop and wither where no waters spring;  
On some bleak desert doom'd unmourn'd to die,  
Where broken hearts unconsecrated lie.

---

### The old mossy Bridge.



There's an old mossy bridge o'er a babbling brook,  
Where in boyhood I used to play;  
As I trudg'd on to school with my satchel and book,  
Or linger'd awhile, for I lov'd to look  
At the stream, as it rippled away.

'Tis now many years since I pass'd by that way,  
Yet memory will cling to the past.  
When I think of the hours I spent there in play,  
On that old mossy-bridge in Life's young day,  
Time seems to have ebb'd away fast.

Aye! methinks I see that old mossy-bridge now,  
And the brook tiding smoothly along,  
With Time it continues onward to flow,  
Notching the years on my head and my brow,  
Reminding me life is not long.

If I never more stand on that moss-covered wall  
Nor the streamlet's soft murm'ring hear,  
If for ever removed from its babbling brawl,  
And the old shattered arch which once echo'd my call,  
I drop them this farewell tear.



### **A Visit to the Grave of Klopstock.**

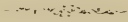
We stood by the old Church portals,  
For the grave of a great man was there,  
O'er it hung wreaths of immortels,  
Showing kindred spirits were near.

A plain gray slab of granite  
Covers the great man's clay;  
The stone like the body is finite,  
Crumbling and mouldering away.

We wonder'd, do all things perish?  
Do the Poet's creations decay?  
Is there nothing immortal we cherish  
Which Time cannot wither away?

Go stand by yon old Church portals  
In the shade of that drooping elm-tree,  
Gaze at those wreaths of immortels,  
Emblems of Eternity.

Mementos of Virtues undying,  
Of a poesy fresh in its fame,  
The voice of Kin-spirits sighing,  
Songs to a world-renown'd name.



### Silence.



Let silence seal thy lips awhile  
When anger boils within,  
And pause a moment, t'will beguile  
The uncommitted sin.

The tongue will often rashly speak  
What prudence would forbid,  
And thoughts from secret keeping break  
'Twere better should be hid.

If we divulge all that we know  
What object do we gain?  
It is a foul and coward's blow,  
Which give's another pain.

Then let us try to mantle o'er  
The faults of foe and friend,  
To be forgiving, we restore  
Love's universal end.





### Divine Love.



There is a Fountain from whose depths pure water's flowing,  
A living well, an unexhausting source;  
Around its brink eternal plants are growing,  
Nor sin nor death impedes its onward course.  
There tired and thirsty pilgrims daily gather,  
To rest their limbs and cool their weary feet,  
Paying oblations to the Heavenly Father  
In themes of joy and songs serenely sweet.  
I too would bring my daily offering there,  
Laying aside all care and worldly strife;  
In humble penitence and trusting prayer,  
Drink of the fount of everlasting life.



### Silence.




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## Farewell.



Who has not felt a little tear  
Come gushing to his eye,  
Whenever call'd upon to hear  
Or say the words "Good bye"?  
And when from friends compell'd to part  
With whom he lov'd to dwell,  
The tears unwittingly will start  
On wishing them Farewell.





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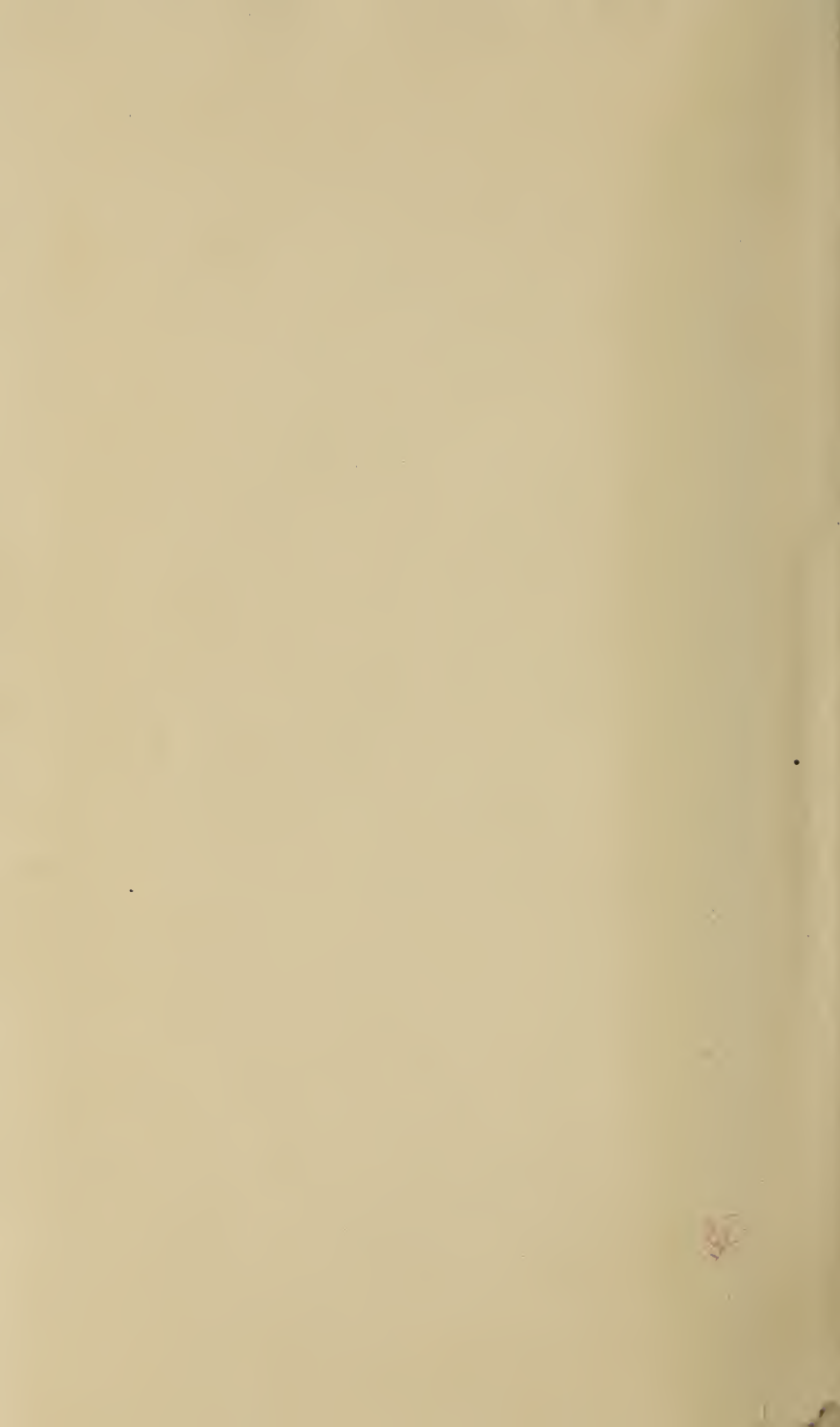




















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